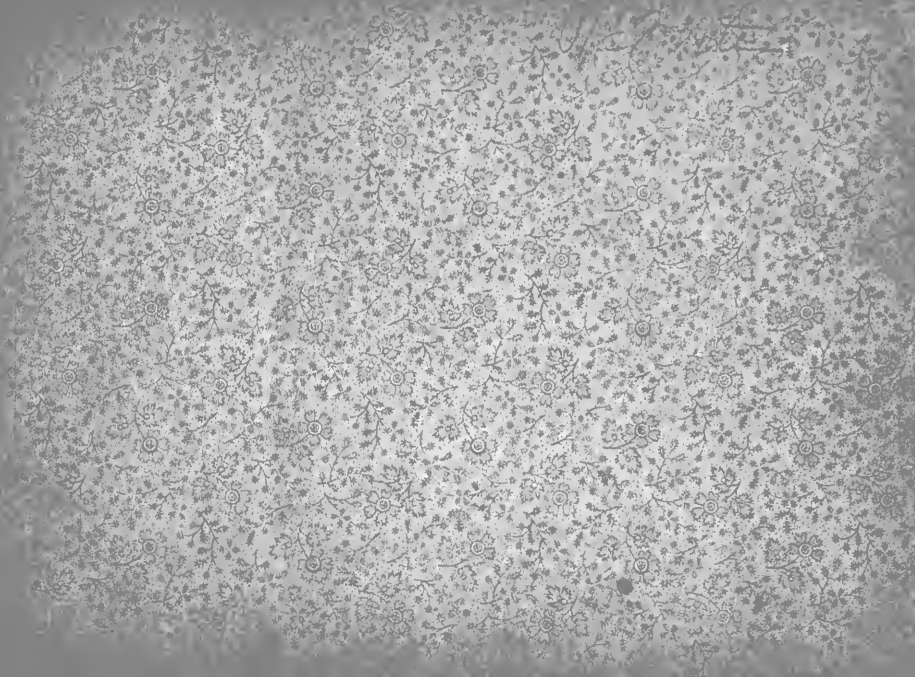


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# he Cedars

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Published by the  
Students of the L. C. Y. L.  
LEBANON, TENNESSEE

'03



NASHVILLE  
BRANDON PRINTING COMPANY  
1903

As a grateful recognition to the founders of the L. C. Y. L.  
from the students of the institution,  
we respectfully dedicate

**The Cedars**

Our First Annual, to  
PROFESSORS E. E. WEIR AND B. S. FOSTER

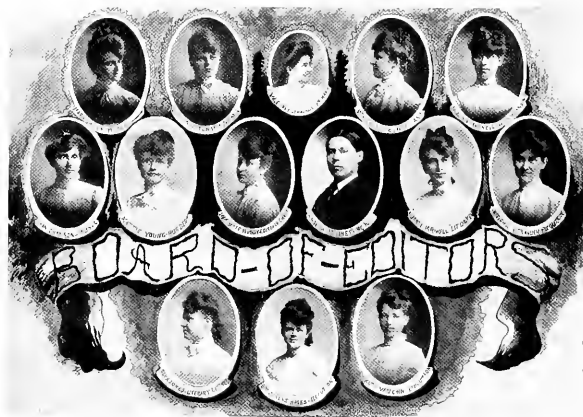


# GREETING

Three graduates in caps and gowns are standing behind the word "GREETING". The word is written in a large, bold, black serif font. The graduates are positioned behind the letters: one behind the 'G', one behind the 'E', and one behind the 'I'. They are all wearing black caps and white gowns with black stoles. They are looking forward with slight smiles.

I'm only a wee thing you may say,  
But to all that behold me for many a day,  
I would tell them a story, old but new,  
Of all that I know and all I can do,  
I've never spoken in this way before,  
So my name you must know and something more.

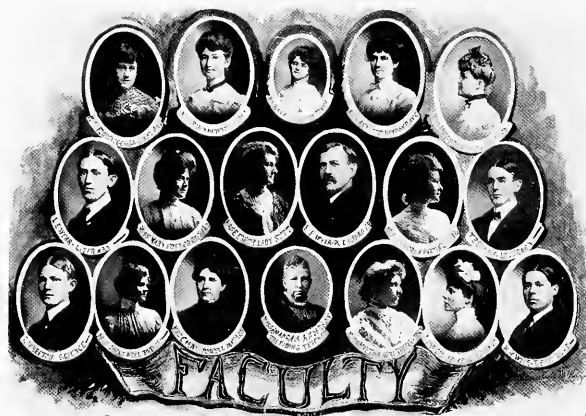
"The Cedars" I'm called as you can see,  
(As green as my namesake f hope I'll not be),  
But just as wise and equally as good  
As any cedar tree in a Lebanon wood.  
So read my pages and you'll be told  
Of many things new, though some are old.



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## Officers of Instruction and Government



E. E. WEIR, PH. D.,  
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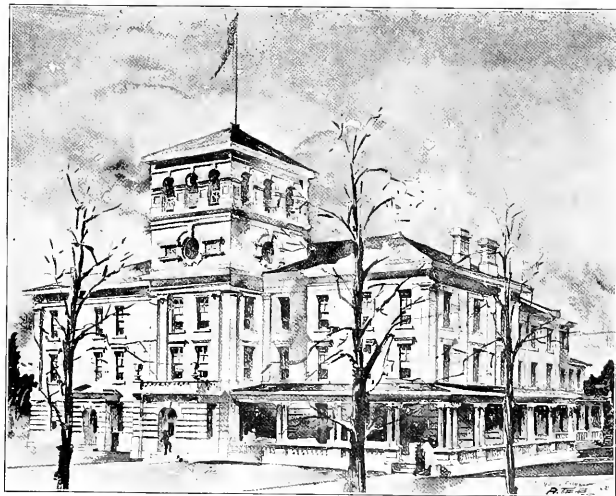
MISS ANNIE VE ROBERTS,  
Elocution and Oratory.

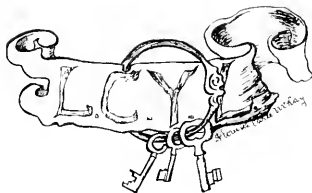
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Matron.

MISS MARTHA NEAL, A. M.,  
Principal of Preparatory Department.

MISS LILLIE NEAL, B. S.,  
Teacher in Preparatory Department.

MISS IRENE NEAL, B. S.,  
Assistant in Preparatory Department.





**Motto**—"Nunquam non paratus."

**Colors**—Blue and Gray.

### Yells



Boomalacka, boomalacka, bow, wow, wow,  
Chickalaka, chickalaka, chow, chow, chow,  
Cannibals, cannibals, cis, boom, bah,  
L. C. Y. L., L. C. Y. L., Rah! Rah! Rah!

Winnie wishy wam, winny washy wam,  
We're good stuff, we're no sham,  
Billy billy bus, billy billy bus,  
There's none on earth can get ahead of us.

Hokey, pokey, smokey, mokey,  
Razzle dazzle kel, gibble gabble,  
Who's alright? Girls of L. C. Y. L.,

## Calendar

✻

September 9, 1902,	. . . . .	Fall Term Began.
December 24, 1902,	. . . . .	Christmas Holidays Began.
December 29, 1902,	. . . . .	Christmas Holidays Closed.
January 20, 1903,	. . . . .	Fall Term Ended.
January 21, 1903,	. . . . .	Spring Term Began.
May 17, 1903,	. . . . .	Baccalaureate Day.
May 20, 1903,	. . . . .	Spring Term Ends.

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## Board of Directors

✻

DR. A. B. MARTIN, President.	PROF. E. E. WEIR, Secretary and Treasurer.
H. T. NORMAN.	A. W. HOOKER. J. T. McCLAIN.
P. Y. HILL.	A. W. STILES. J. L. WEIR.





## History of the L. C. Y. L.



THE L. C. Y. L. was established in 1886 by Professors E. E. Weir and B. S. Foster. From a very small beginning it has grown to be one of the leading schools of the South. The present enrollment will reach two hundred and fifty for the year.

In the year 1894 it became Cumberland University Annex. This continued until 1898 when the relationship was dissolved and it became again the L. C. Y. L.

From 1893 to 1899 the school was under the management of Professor Foster alone, Professor Weir having retired from active management and only taught. In 1899 Professor Weir obtained the complete control and it has been under his management since. The school has been coming forward very rapidly in the last few years and built up from an attendance of ninety-eight in 1899 to the present enrollment.

The buildings have been added to from time to time until this coming summer there will be improvements made that will make them equal to any in the South.

It has always been a home school for girls and the aim from the very beginning has been this. The students are taught not only the facts and principles of Science and Art, but also the right way to live.

The graduates of the school have gone out in life and taken places of responsibility and are to be found in many of the schools of the South as teachers. The school has granted about two hundred and twenty degrees, and of this number more than thirty have become teachers in high schools and colleges.

The future is very bright for the L. C. Y. L. and it will be a high honor to be a graduate from such a school. It is the wish of the management to make it a Character building school, and if this continues in the future as it has in the past it will have a record that any school of the land might well envy.

The management in the future will be Professor E. E. Weir, Manager; Mrs. E. E. Weir, Superintendent of the Home Department; and H. H. Weir, Registrar.



**Colors**—Yellow and White.

**Flower**—Daisy.

**Motto**—"Life is no Empty Dream."

**Officers**

LILLIE SHELTON, President.

VIRGINIA PURNELL, Vice-President.

PEARL CARTER, Secretary and Treasurer.

PEARL PURNELL, Poet.

TERA WALKER, Historian.

MARY GRISSOM, Orator.

MAY BELLE WOODY, Prophet.

**Yell**

Siskey, kiskey, liskey, loo,

Chicka, go-rank, go-runk, go-ree,

Kerix, kerox, kerax, keror,

Senior class, 1903.




## Senior Class Roll



Name	Greatest Desire	Chief Occupation	By-word
Roberta Eichelberger . . . .	To be a Governor's wife . . . . .	Chewing gum . . . . .	Oh, doololly
Marie Talley . . . . .	To go home . . . . .	Writing letters . . . . .	Stars and ——?
May Belle Woody . . . . .	To be an old maid . . . . .	Sweeping . . . . .	Golly
Mattie Mai Alexander . . . .	To eat a big watermelon . . . . .	Fighting . . . . .	Great Caesar
Pearl Carter . . . . .	To get married . . . . .	Making kodak pictures . . . .	Orge-goney
Virginia Purnell . . . . .	To be dignified . . . . .	Running races . . . . .	Jerusalem
Pearl Purnell . . . . .	To be great . . . . .	Reading Latin . . . . .	Rotten on it
Mary Grissom . . . . .	To be swell . . . . .	Griming . . . . .	For pity sakes
Lena Grissom . . . . .	To live in a Parsonage . . . . .	Studying theory of music . . .	Well I say
Tera Walker . . . . .	To learn to dance . . . . .	Studying . . . . .	Great Moses
Nelle Smith . . . . .	To grow larger . . . . .	Talking in school . . . . .	Land 'O Goshen
Lizzie Wheeler . . . . .	To be a fiddler . . . . .	Cutting school . . . . .	Fiddlesticks
Naomi Fontaine . . . . .	To be popular . . . . .	Squealing . . . . .	Mercy goodness
Robbie Griffin . . . . .	To get a man . . . . .	Giggling . . . . .	I'll be sweetened
Sue Brumbach . . . . .	To sing like a cat . . . . .	Making fudge . . . . .	Goodness gracious
Josie Pendleton . . . . .	To be pretty . . . . .	Making goo-goo eyes . . . . .	Darn it
Ora Sowell . . . . .	To be an old time school "marm" . . .	Doing Battenberg . . . . .	Lawsy me
Ida Cannon . . . . .	To make a good impression . . . . .	Hunting for a lexicon . . . . .	Well I declare
Lillie Shelton . . . . .	To be driving a wagon . . . . .	Fussing . . . . .	I'll be jiggered
Emma Andrews . . . . .	To be a music teacher . . . . .	Practicing . . . . .	Let 'er go
Mrs. Myrtle Stephens . . . .	Has been accomplished . . . . .	Taking Music . . . . .	Unknown

## Senior Class History



 TO our Senior Class of 1903 it is indeed difficult to find words which can express our great achievements and victories of the past years. We expect also to bestow great honor upon our Alma Mater when we leave these dear old college walls. For how could it be otherwise since we, without a doubt, have been most studious; most courageous; most patient; most dignified; and most brilliant Senior Class that has ever gone from the L. C. Y. L.? How we have torn hair and burned the midnight oil and have risen early in the morning to prove theorems of Geometry and solve problems of Trigonometry, but of course with such marvelous mental powers we have come out more than conquerors. We have studied so diligently the "Perspective Chiaroscuro, Foreshortening" and various other things in Art which we now think so simple that we doubt not that some of us will be numbered among the master painters. We now understand perfectly the necessary forms of thought and of course never go astray in our thinking. We are fully acquainted with all the Sciences, have delved deep into the regions of Metaphysics but, sad to say, from our study of Philosophy we hardly know whether or not we exist. We have become so proficient in our Literature that we are now able to criticize the greatest authors. We have also had the very best teachers in Greek, Latin and the Modern Languages, consequently we are none of the ordinary students of the same. The music pupils also have had rare advantages and those who are not already Paderewskis, Rosenthals, Pattis and Nordicas are happily anticipating the time not far off when they, too, will be numbered among the great musicians. We can not restrain from writing a word concerning our conduct which has been the very best—with all truth it could be compared with that of the Angels. Now we challenge the Seniors of 1904 or any other Senior Class to ever make such a perfect record as we have made.

## Senior Class Poem



To us these college walls have grown so dear,  
That as the time for parting now is near,  
A sense of sadness over us does steal,  
And a deep regret we cannot help but feel.

The many joys that come with college life,  
We'll lay aside to mix with toil and strife ;  
As older people are so apt to say,  
Go on to harder problems every day.

But yet our hopes are bright, our hearts are light,  
We'll not lookout for foes so hard to fight,  
But that the arms and armor girded on  
By teachers, shall proclaim a battle won.

Our efforts here are not in vain we know,  
In after years we'll reap what now we sow ;  
Each lesson learned, each task accomplished well  
In all our future thoughts and deeds will tell.

The friendships of these dear old college days  
Shall not be wholly lost 'mid life's affrays,  
E'en though we part these we'll remember still,  
And in our hearts a place they yet will fill.

Our friends and teachers may our Father bless,  
And may our Alma Mater have success !  
Though sad the word, yet now it needs must come,  
Farewell ! Farewell, to friends and college home.

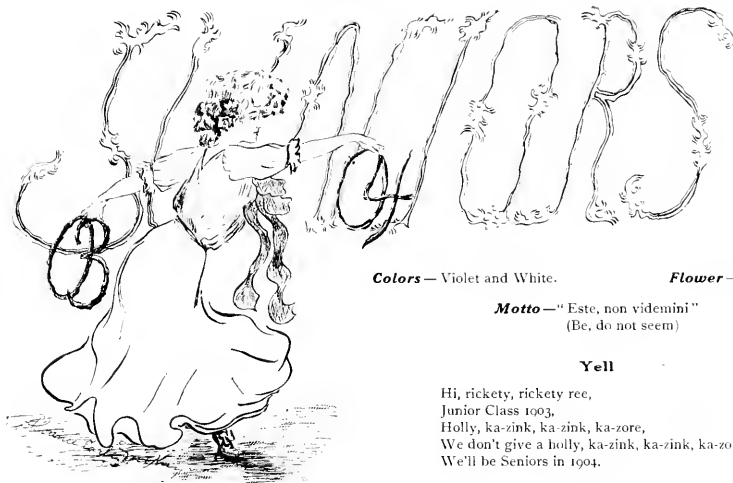
## Senior Class Prophecy



AM sitting in my favorite south window to-night, trying to count the numberless stars, as they twinkle and peep and seem to laugh at me away up there in the sky. How peaceful, still and happy everything seems, but my mind is busy, the thoughts come and go like lightning. The term is drawing to a close, soon, oh all to soon, will we all be separated. How happy we shall be of course, to be at home with mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters and perhaps sweet-hearts. But how sad the parting will be. I wonder what will be the fate of each dear girl in my class? Come forth Oh Imagination dear and help me to picture them in their future vocations.

Oh! here is Lillie, always jolly and a kind word for all, she is doomed to be an author; and Mattie Mai, let us see, Oh yes, married to the Governor of Old Kentucky. Whose sweet face is this that comes before my mind, black hair, brown eyes, and a nurse's snow white cap? 'Tis none other than Pearl Carter; and yes we have another Pearl, she will be a star in some renowned old college, as one of its instructors. Virginia will reign the supreme and royal Duchess in the heart of some University Professor. And what will be our little Marie's fate? Nothing too good can befall her—a State Senator's wife. Ah yes, Roberta will be a London society belle. But what is this I seem to see? A change in the teachers of the dear old L. C. Y. L. (our present teachers will be where?) and in their places reigning supremely dignified I think will be our Ora, Tera, Mary and Josie—what a bright future for them. Then there is Lizzie, a lawyer's wife; and Nelle, well let me think, the wife of a professor of athletics. And Sue, our song bird, a noted singer in the choir of Eldenburg Church, Chicago. Yes we have another songster, Mary, but she will give up her brilliant career for the sake of "him." Then there is Lena, her fate is that of a foreign missionary. Naomie and Robbie wedded to rich wholesale merchants, both of them. And Ida, she will be a sweet and loving kindergarten teacher, a favorite with all the children; and there is only one left, that's me, well I declare by all that's good that I'll never marry, I'll be an old maid, but only for this reason: I'll never get a chance to be anything else.





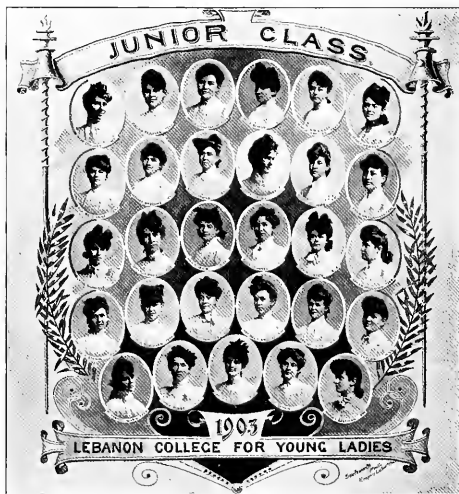
**Colors** — Violet and White.

**Flower** — Violet

**Motto** — "Este, non videmini"  
(Be, do not seem)

**Yell**

Hi, rickety, rickety ree,  
Junior Class 1903.  
Holly, ka-zink, ka-zink, ka-zore,  
We don't give a holly, ka-zink, ka-zink, ka-zore,  
We'll be Seniors in 1904.



## Officers and Members



EPPIE HAYES, President.	ELEANOR McADAMS, Vice-President.	MADGE WEBBER, Prophet.
MAMIE JENNINGS, Orator.	IDA LANDIS, Poet.	SARAH WILLIAMS, Speiler.
CORNELIA POWELL, Representative.	ANNIE McCLANAHAN, Historian.	
THULA FAULKNER, Secretary and Treasurer.		



Annie McClanahan . . . . .	Tennessee.	Lenna Rushing . . . . .	Tennessee.
Eleanor McAdams . . . . .	Tennessee.	Mamie Jennings . . . . .	Tennessee.
Sarah Williams . . . . .	Tennessee.	Madge Webber . . . . .	Illinois.
Ruby Williams . . . . .	Kentucky.	Mattie Glenn Dalton . . . . .	Mississippi.
Floyd Strong . . . . .	Alabama.	Bessie Hawks . . . . .	Tennessee.
Elizabeth Harris . . . . .	Tennessee.	Ada Belle Lane . . . . .	Tennessee.
Clara Wilmore . . . . .	Kentucky.	Cornelia Powell . . . . .	Alabama.
Eppie Hayes . . . . .	Alabama.	Laura Johnson . . . . .	Kentucky.
Nelle Slaton . . . . .	Kentucky.	Annie Russell . . . . .	Alabama.
Virginia Faulkner . . . . .	Tennessee.	Irene Dohoney . . . . .	Kentucky.
Thula Faulkner . . . . .	Tennessee.	Ella Dohoney . . . . .	Kentucky.
Leva Sandidge . . . . .	Kentucky.	Mattie Young . . . . .	Texas.
Vallonia Sandidge . . . . .	Kentucky.	Mamie Davis . . . . .	Mississippi.
Iva Taylor . . . . .	Mississippi.	Ida Landis . . . . .	Tennessee.
Maybelle Bradley . . . . .		Tennessee.	

## Junior Class History



ALL great events adorn the pages of history in ancient, mediæval and modern times. The organization of the Junior Class of 1903 is therefore worthy of a place in "The Cedars." Like all great bodies, we realized that we must have a head, accordingly Miss Eppie Hayes, of Alabama, was chosen to this place. Eppie proved herself equal to any emergency, and I will say that our President is a lovely girl, worthy of the honor thrust upon her. Although there was no danger of our President being transplanted from Sunny Tennessee to the land of the "Alabama Coons" by the iron hand of fate (Professor Weir); yet knowing that "all human things are uncertain" Miss Eleanor McAdams was made Vice-President. Eleanor is one of the many fair daughters of the Volunteer State. Thula Faulkner, another Tennessee representative, was made Secretary and Treasurer. She did not find it hard to keep the money matters straight, (guess why?) But my! it would have tried the patience of Job to have kept the roll of the class; but Thula, ever cheerful, ever smiling, kindly added or erased a name from the roll at the request of the owner. Only a Prophet, so gifted by Nature, can draw aside the veil of the future and peer down into the dark recesses of time. Mother Nature gave to Madge Webber, our Illinois girl, this gift so rare—rarer still is Madge's beautiful disposition. It was the sincere wish of each member of the class that our "Northern Madge" prophesy her future. It took a girl of genius and energy to represent so worthy a body as the Juniors of 1903; such requirements we found in Cornelia Powell, Alabama's damsel. The last officer to be elected was class "Speiler," and the way she did "Speil"—well that's all right, she is just the dearest girl and the favorite with all. Her name I would have you know is Sarah Williams, of Tennessee. A Historian was chosen, I am sorry to admit. Her merit is such as you may judge from this. But first let me beg you to "judge not lest ye be judged." Our class numbering twenty-eight lined up "cum magna trepidatione ac povere" to receive the Mantle from the Seniors, our peers, as they left forever the dear old L. C. Y. L. Despite our trembling we caught its folds and vowed to keep it as unsullied as the class before us had done.

## Junior Class Poem



Here's to our loved L. C. Y. L.  
Long may her beacon ever shine,  
Honor will to her ever dwell  
In Education's blood red wine.  
The days may pass, the years must go  
Into oblivion's long-lost dream ;  
Homage to her must ever flow  
As rushes forth the mountain stream.

Here in the home of our school-girl life,  
The cozy rooms and pleasant hall,  
Some of us mingle in wordy strife  
And some have gone beyond recall.  
Our noblest efforts are exerted here  
To merit all our teachers praise,  
For erst while we enlarge our sphere  
To be an honor all our days.

Little learning is a dangerous thing,  
College girls use well your time.

Youthful days pass by on wings,  
Let each grasp all things sublime.

Just a few short years on earth have we,

Usefulness and learning is our great plea.

Notwithstanding the many failures of life,

Indolence shall never mar our way.

Onward, ever onward, we shall go,

Resolved to do what our hands find to do.

At first 'tis only a tiny rill  
That sparkles in the morning sun,  
A little mission to fulfill  
As go the day beams, one by one.  
Then broader, stronger, deeper, flows  
O'er pebbled strand and grassy mead,  
Then forth a mighty river grows,  
Its strength is very great indeed.

Then let us drink in draughts so deep,  
Of knowledge, wisdom, truth and love;  
And in our hearts forever keep  
The Image of the One above,  
Who teaches us to ever shine  
In all that's noble, good and pure.  
Then drink in wisdom's flowing wine,  
"To all the Trials we endure."



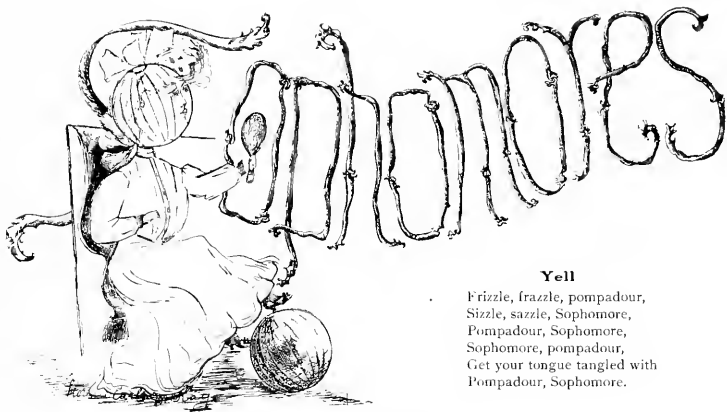
## Junior Class Prophecy



My head aches! I've been gazing so long at the flickering shadows on the wall, and I am weary of listening to the ceaseless wind outside whistling through the trees and moaning round the house. I think of the past and the future; sweet memories of the South and the dear days at L. C. Y. L. chase each other through my brain. I grow sleepy, half close my eyes, and a prophetic vision seems to weave itself among the ever changing shadows on the wall. My friends of the Junior Class are revealed to me as they *shall* be.

First I see Eppie seated before an easel painting, and the beautiful picture before her tells the story of her success as an artist. The scene changes and there glides in with soft step and gentle smile our Annie who is the head nurse of — hospital, whom many a patient has "risen up to call blessed." Next comes Eleanor, who is walking down a beautiful street of Cambridge in company with her husband, a bald-headed professor of Harvard. Then comes Mattie Glenn who is crossing the Atlantic on her way to England, her future home, for she has married an English Lord. The shadows grow dim for a moment, then more distinct and there is pictured the parlor of a beautiful Kentucky home, over which presides a lovely woman whom we knew as Virginia Faulkner. Among the guests there to-night are Cornelia, a "star" actress; Mamie, a noted author; Sarah, lately married to a famous hunter; and Thula, an accomplished musician, who is playing the accompaniment to a song being sung by Iva, our Junior nightingale. Near the window, half hidden by the curtains, I espy Ruby, known to the world as a cold-hearted society woman, but to her friends she has confided that she is soon to be married; indeed, on looking closer I observe another head behind that curtain—not red, maybe, but almost. The shadows grow dimmer and more fleeting, and the remaining forms flit swiftly by; I see Ida and Levia, the French and Art teachers of the L. C. Y. L. Bessie, a missionary; Floyd, wife of a lawyer; Clara, a lecturer on Woman's Rights; Mamie and Ada Belle, wives of wealthy farmers; Maybelle, the wife of a clergyman; Lenna, a denouncer of pugilism, her motto (?) is Less Fight; Nelle, wife of a banker; and Elizabeth, the matron of Castle Heights. Then *last*, and I must admit *least*, my thoughts revert to myself—although still single—while there is life there is hope.

M. I. W.



### **Yell**

Frizzle, frazzle, pompadour,  
Sizzle, sizzle, Sophomore,  
Pompadour, Sophomore,  
Sophomore, pompadour,  
Get your tongue tangled with  
Pompadour, Sophomore.

**Motto**—"Learn, conquer your lessons."

**Colors**—Green and Red.

**Flower**—Carnation.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



## Officers



ERA WEIR, President.	BLANCHE DAVIDSON, Vice-President.	
EDNA JONES, Secretary.	VIRGINIA OGILVIE, Treasurer.	BETH THOMSON, Poet.
KATIE VAUGHAN, Prophet.	PEARL BAKER, Historian.	

## Sophomore Roll



Myrtle Ogilvie . . . . .	Tennessee.	Eva Harrell . . . . .	Illinois.
Virginia Ogilvie . . . . .	Tennessee.	Mai Mayfield . . . . .	Tennessee.
Edna Hix . . . . .	Tennessee.	Hattie Ashby . . . . .	Kentucky.
Lela Reagor . . . . .	Tennessee.	Louise Cox . . . . .	Mississippi.
Ruth Goodlett . . . . .	Arkansas.	Gladys LaGrone . . . . .	Arkansas.
Blanche Davidson . . . . .	Tennessee.	Edna Jones . . . . .	Illinois.
Lillian Davidson . . . . .	Tennessee.	Amy Weir . . . . .	Tennessee.
Addie Crump . . . . .	Mississippi.	Maggie Rountree . . . . .	Texas.
Pearl Baker . . . . .	Kentucky.	Katie Vaughan . . . . .	Tennessee.
Irma Clack . . . . .	Tennessee.	Mary Hawkins . . . . .	Tennessee.
Clara Bostick . . . . .	Tennessee.	Olga Conatser . . . . .	Tennessee.
Jennie Puryear . . . . .	Tennessee.	Lizzie Foust . . . . .	Tennessee.
Beth Thomson . . . . .	Alabama.	Willie Sue Johnson . . . . .	Tennessee.
Nina Shannon . . . . .	Tennessee.	Era Weir . . . . .	Tennessee.

## History of the Sophomore Class



THE space usually allowed to Histories in such a publication as this would be far too small in which to relate all the wonderful achievements and glorious victories of the Sophomore Class. We have come from the North and the South, and have joined together to constitute the *grandest class* in the history of L. C. Y. L. We have distinguished ourselves in many departments. We have among our number vocalists and orators, also linguists and mathematicians, who not only have the road to fame open to them, but have already travelled some distance along this road. They have labored through the deep ravines of Cæsar, and over the high mountains of Algebra.

Our motto is "Learn, Conquer Your Lessons," and we can truly say that we have not only tried to conquer our lessons, but have also conquered many adverse circumstances. We have conquered hunger many times by procuring food in diverse and doubtful ways. We have also (but not often) conquered on the baseball field. We have brought dignified Seniors low by asking hard questions, and seeking help on hard problems. From this enumeration of victories, every one may easily see that we have come out conquerors, indeed.



## Sophomore Prophecy



Now for a peep into the future of the Sophomore Class of 1903. First we see May reigning as mistress in a superb Nashville home, and jolly Clara a stenographer in New York, and Ava doing a grand work as a trained nurse in the same city. We visit the theatre there to listen to a renowned singer, and can hardly realize that wonderful voice to be that of our old schoolmate, Queen; the scene changes, and among the actors we recognize our stately Irma fleeing to the "Marshall" for safety. Between acts we glance around and

see a sweet-faced old maid, bedecked with curls, chalk, and glasses, and that is Edna Jones. Sitting near we see a face that seems familiar, we inquire, and are told that it is Lillie, the wife of a distinguished physician.

After the play all is excitement, for there has been a runaway, and a child near the horses, and in great danger, was rescued by a brave woman. With wild applause, the excited crowd cry out, "Hurrah for Miss Blanche Davidson!" We learn from Blanche that Lillian is teaching elocution in Boston. Let us see, perhaps others of our class are in Boston. Yes, in the waiting room we find Eva, who is on her way to China, where she will be a missionary. We also find Louise living in luxury here, and Nina a successful music teacher.

Back to dear old Tennessee we go, where we find Jennie married and living in Lebanon. We visit the L. C. Y. L., and whom do you suppose we find occupying Miss Foster's place? Hattie! And the president of our class is loyally presiding over the chapel.

We next visit Kentucky. We visit an art gallery and find Pearl at her easel painting a beautiful picture. "Pearl," we say, "in all our travels we have not heard of Maggie." "Why she is a missionary in Japan." "And have you seen Virginia?" "O, she is teaching music in Frankfort! And here is a paper containing the announcement of dear old Addie's wedding." We visit Frankfort, and in a beautiful home we find Gladys, the happy wife of a merchant; on the same street lives Lela, now a lawyer's wife. We visit Beth, who is a teacher of mathematics at this place, and she tells us that Olga is a jolly old maid, and that Edna has become a successful stenographer. We pick up a book lying on her table, and glancing at the title page find the editor to be our old friend Mary. We receive an invitation to Louise's wedding, which we gladly accept. Before the ceremony we admire the beautiful decorations, among which is a basket of specially beautiful roses with a dainty card attached, on which are these words, "From Bessie," and we are told that she gives her whole time now to the cultivation of beautiful flowers. Willie Sue makes a sweet, jolly woman, as she did a school girl, and enchants large audiences with her music. Ruth G. is devoting her time to the temperance cause. Florence has become a brilliant music teacher. And O, yes! we came near to forgetting one member of our class. "What has become of Kate!" Well she will answer for herself. "She is still trying to get enough sense into her head to some day be an elocution teacher."

## Sophomore Poem



Some folks say that you don't get smart,  
Till Juniors or Seniors you get,  
But I just tell those folks  
To go away back and take a set.

For everybody certainly ought to know  
That the Sophomores sit on the very front row.  
Juniors know a little, and Seniors may be wise,  
But any one can see that on the Soph's there aint no flies.



***Yell***

Freshman, Freshman,  
Who, ha, haw,  
Mamma, mamma,  
Who, haw, hee,  
L. C. Y. L., L. C. Y. L., 1903.

***Color***—Pale Blue.

***Flower***—Crocus.

***Motto***—"We Live to Learn."



FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Roll



BLANCHE WOODWARD, President, Tennessee.

CLAUDE CLEMONS, Vice-President, Tennessee.

LENA MCCARTNEY, Secretary, Tennessee.

MILDRED BONE, Treasurer, Kentucky.

RUTH CLACK, Prophet, Tennessee.

ALICE SIMMS, Historian, Tennessee.



Lucille Reyes, . . . . . Mexico.

Della McDonald, . . . . . Tennessee.

Agatha Reyes, . . . . . Mexico.

Mattie Norris, . . . . . Tennessee.

Agnes Sheppard, . . . . . Tennessee.

Leta Bennett, . . . . . Tennessee.

Willie Bettis, . . . . . Tennessee.

Ora Watson, . . . . . Kentucky.

Anna Bettis, . . . . . Tennessee.

Jennie White, . . . . . Tennessee.

Cora White, . . . . . Tennessee.

Florence Chambers, . . . . . Tennessee.

## The History of the Freshman Class



N a Winter day in March the Freshman Class was organized in the L. C. Y. L. To enter into details of the grand work would be more than I could tell. The Class has accomplished a number of things that will be worthy of mention. They have made the record of being a very remarkable class. They have given Seniors examples they could not work, and even our teachers would puzzle over them. As to the members of the Class it would take up more space and time than we have at our command to tell you of each. Suffice it to say that we have come from the Sunny Southland to enter upon the race for knowledge in the L. C. Y. L. We have heard of the advantages of the place and we were persuaded to come and see. It is a long way to the end—1906, but we trust that when we come to the coveted mark we will have a history that will be the pride of any class or organization.

The history of the Class before it entered this school could well be written in the life of any one of its members. They have been “dear girls” to fond mothers and fathers, the thoughts of “the boys” had never entered their minds (nor has it yet). We were the leading students (?) of the community from which we sprang, and so it was necessary for us to be sent away from home to complete what we had started in the schools of the home town or county.

And thus we are here from one reason or the other and we have entered upon the race to make a finish of it. We have no fear that when the Commencement of May, 1906, rolls around we will be able to say that this, the Freshman Class of 1903, is the brightest and best Senior Class that has ever gone out from the walls of the L. C. Y. L.



## Freshman Class Prophecy.



S I was strolling along the banks of the St. Lawrence during a visit to Canada one hot day in August, I espied a camp of Gypsies coming towards me. I waited until they came up to me, introduced myself and began to make friends with them. The oldest one of them, a gray-haired woman, came up to me and begged me to have my fortune told. I consented and this is what she told me: First my own future was revealed—but I will save the best for the last. Then she told me the future of each one of my famous Freshman Class of 1903. She told me that little Blanche, our President, would be one of America's noted violinists; Claude a society belle would be, while Lena would become the wife of a merchant. Mildred would become the wife of a prominent physician in her beloved Kentucky. Our little Mexican sister, Lucelle, would become noted for her beautiful pictures, and will charm the hearts of the masses by her masterpieces. We will furnish a famous singer in the person of our bright Alice, while our dark-haired Ora will be a sweet school teacher. Leta will charm audiences with music. Agatha, our other Mexican sister, will be an actress of note. Agnes, whose beautiful playing has won her much praise, will finally become a Mrs. and live in her beloved state of Tennessee. Willie and Anna have given their lives for the benighted sisters of far away India. Jennie will be the wife of a lawyer, and Della will become a literary woman. Florence will look after her husband, who is to be a college professor (they usually become objects of their wife's attention). Mattie will be a music teacher, while Cora will teach near her home as principal of a high school. Yes, my own life—well I don't believe it—"To be an old maid!"

## “Chums”



We were “chums” when at school together,  
And for four sweet happy years  
We shared each other’s pleasures,  
And in sorrow we mingled our tears.

“We’ll always hear from each other”  
We each to each would say;  
“You’ll come often to see me dearest,”  
’Twas thus we parted, Commencement Day.

’Twas sad, that day of parting,  
Yet so hopeful was youth’s young dream  
That we never an instant suspected  
How separately we’d travel life’s stream.

Years have come and gone as mornings,  
And left in their hasty wake,  
Hope, Joy, Love and Sorrow,  
And of each we’ve been led to partake.

In an humble cottage dwelling  
I’ve watched life flow as the tides,  
In a far distant land (I’ve been told)  
My chum in a palace abides.

But I fancy she always will love me,  
As I hold her in Memory sweet;  
And I feel, in “the land of the living”  
We each the other will meet.





**Motto**—"Music, the only Art of Heaven given to man, the only Art on earth we take to heaven."

**Colors**—Green and Pink.

**Flower**—Sweet Pea.

### Senior Roll



#### Piano

Marie Talley,	Roberta Eichelberger,	Emma Andrews,
Mrs. Stephens,	Pearl Carter,	Lena Grissom.

#### Guitar

Mary Walker.

#### Vocal

May Belle Woody.

#### Mandolin

Lillie Shelton.

#### Yell.

Risky, risky, roaky, ree,  
Seniors, Seniors, 1903.  
Risky, risky, roskey, ree,  
Music Class, Music Class, 1903.

## Music Department



THE Music Department of 1902-03 is composed of about ninety pupils, of which number nine are Seniors. 'Tis needless to state that our instructors, Misses Haydon and Poindexter, Instrumental, and Miss Wade, Voice, have endeared themselves to us all and have left the imprint of their lives on ours. The Freshmen will always C(-)U-N-T "*Count*" while the Sophomores the "Accidental" must watch. The Juniors "finger correctly" and the "swell-head" Seniors practice "touch and technic" and study "theory" the most pleasant (?) part of our course.

I am really glad Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, and such men are dead, for sometimes we don't say very pleasant things about them. But one more thing I must speak of and that is our jolly little Orchestra. The Orchestra is made up of fifteen musicians and they really can play; yes, and they undoubtedly will make a name for themselves and the school for their playing.



















The work of this Department is equal to any in any school in the South and we are proud of the record it has. It will be a part of the Conservatory of Music that is to be connected with Cumberland University next year, and the advantages will be not "as good" but "the best."

Long may the Department prosper and send out girls to bless the world.



## Musical Romance



One afternoon  # on his re-  from school met a beautiful maiden whose name was  As was quite  they  ed at the gate, where he continued to  his words of love. He finally had the courage to say: "Will you ?" In a  this brilliant youth could be heard singing in a deep  voice, as he went through  to his home. His heart being in a great  lightened, for  had promised to change her . She, equally as happy, her 's and 's were reached with ease. *Poco-a-poco* as time passed her wedding day came, and *con gracia* she entered the parlor of her elegant home to receive the marriage vows. Her  was all aglow, as she gave her *Destra* to her lover, and just as the last  of that *dolce* air died away, the  that binds two hearts as one was finished when they vowed to be faithful *Sin'al fine*.





PHYSICAL CULTURE CLASS.



## Expression and Physical Culture



**Aim**—Creation, not imitation.

**Colors**—Black and Gold.

**Flower**—Sun Flower.

**Motto**—"For soul the body form doth take,  
For the soul is form and doth the body make."

—EDMUND SPENCER.

### **Yell.**

Ma—Za—Ska—A,

A-ho, a-ho, a-he,

Who are we?

Voice class '03.

A—I—O—E.

A—I—O—E.



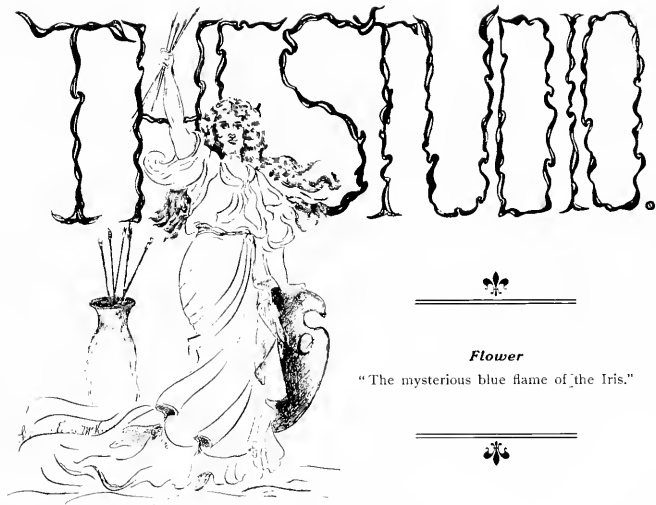
Under the able direction of Miss Roberts this department has passed through quite a successful year's work. Four of our girls will receive their degrees—Mary Walker, Robbie Griffis, Mattie Mai Alexander and Ida Cannon. The Junior Class consists of six members, the Sophomore fourteen. The chief event of our year's work was the production of the three act comedy, "The Coming Woman," or "The Spirit of '02." 'Tis true we are not all "stars" yet, but just the same we are aiming at the "Son." Our Physical Culture Class is quite an important feature of this department. As to what this Class has accomplished in strength and development our picture speaks sufficiently. The recitals to be given by the Seniors will finish up the year's work.

## Familiar Songs

3°

Sweet Marie, . . . . . Marie Tally  
 My Creole Sue, . . . . . Sue Brumbach  
 Sweet Bunch of Daisies, . . . . L. C. Y. L. Girls  
 Down on the Farm, . . . . . Professor Simms  
 Dreamy Eyes, . . . . . Roberta Eichelberger  
 Maybe, . . . . . May Belle Woody  
 You Can't Play in My Back Yard, . . . . C. H.  
 Sammie, . . . . . Miss Roberts  
 I've a Longing in My Heart For You, Louise Cox  
 Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder, Miss Wade  
 Where is My Wandering Boy To-night, . . We All  
 Stay in Your Own Back Yard, . . . Professor Weir  
 She Has Been a Mother to Me, . . . Mrs. Weir  
 Down where the Cotton Blossoms Grow, Addie Crump  
 Miss Virginia, . . . . . Virginia Faulkner  
 Dear College Chums, Edna Jones, Gladys LaGrone  
 Talk Don't Buy Me Nothing, Professor L. E. Wear  
 I'm Living a Ragtime Life, . . . . Mai Mayfield

Hearts Are Trumps, . . . . . Crowd  
 I'm Glad I Met You Mary, . . . . Mary Grissom  
 The Man Behind the Gun, . . . . . H. H. Weir  
 Josephine, My Jo, . . . . . Josie Pearl Carter  
 Good Morning Carrie, . . . . . Mrs. Powell  
 Please Go 'way and Let Me Sleep, . . Ruby Williams  
 My Sunshine, . . . . . Miss Andrea Martin  
 Only Two Brown Eyes, . . . . . Mattie Mai Alexander  
 Mississippi Bubble, . . . . . Professor Robert Keeton  
 She is the Sweetest Girl of All, . . . . . Era Weir  
 Mary Had a Little Man Named Totten, Miss Foster  
 Annie Laurie, . . . . . Annie McClanahan  
 Turtle Doves, . . . . . Misses Haydon and Poindexter  
 There is no North and South To-day, Madge Webber  
 My Mississippi Home, . . . . . Ivah Taylor  
 She Was Bred in Old Kentucky, . . . Miss McKay  
 Go 'Way Back and Sit Down, . . . . . Seniors  
 I'am Tired, . . . . . "The Cedars" Board

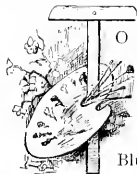


*Flower*

"The mysterious blue flame of the Iris."



## The Art Department



Notice all the ups and downs, successes and failures of the year in the Studio in this brief sketch would be impossible, and yet to us they all seem important. "Come forth into the light of things, let Nature be your teacher," fell from the lips of Wordsworth, and we feel that we have been taught to appreciate its truth. So popular in fact has been the study of Nature that we have all, without exception, incorporated into almost every possible form the "Fidus Achates." Inspired by the love of Nature we have adopted the "Mysterious Blue Flame of the Iris" as our flower; the "Fleur-de-lis" that accompanies us in our summer pleasures, pouring out its fragrance upon the air. And above all our actions we hold our color "Blue" emblematic of "Truth." And so we would by these symbolize the fact that true Art is "Love of Nature, supported by an appreciation of the Noble, the Beautiful, and the True."

The most important event of the year was the Art Reception. The parlors were transformed into a veritable Art Gallery, and on all sides were to be seen pictures, prints, and sketches which showed alike talent and faithful work. (So we have been told), each deserved a prize but when the "Poster" Contest closed we realized that "all do not see alike." Well it is possibly better, it is embarrassing to have one's work marked "Prize Winner," it makes one so sought after (?).

Our teacher, Miss Florence Earle McKay, has shown the patience of the proverbial "Job" in her work, and this, added to her talent and knowledge of her calling, has made the year one of much pleasure and profit.

It is the hope of the Art Class of '03 to accomplish more than "an average" in Art, and so we shall strive to make in deed and in truth Artists. We would not, if we could, replace any of the Great Masters, all honor to their Grand Creations. The world has been blessed and uplifted by them, but we hope the skillful hand of some member of the Class of '03 will produce something that will tell to the world our conception of Art and will take its place among the "Great Conceptions." How noble it is to draw by the aid of talent a great lesson from Nature and show to the human race the Soul of the picture. *This is our desire.*



## The Business Department

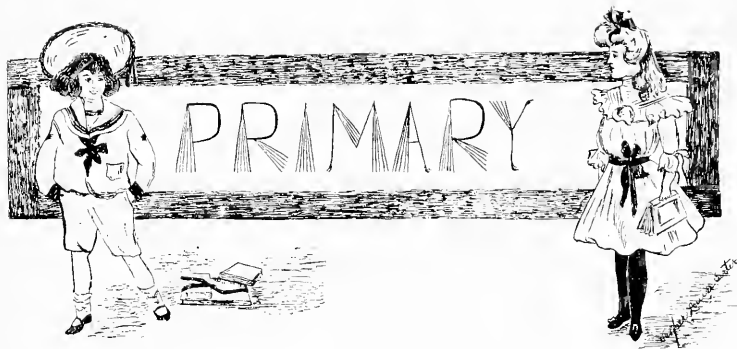


WHEN many years hence the people are looking over the past and recalling the astonishing movements that are going on in the business world, they will notice one which stands out more prominently than the others, and will ask in wonder where and by whom was this movement started? Suddenly the fact will dawn upon them that it was assisted very much by the Class of 1902-03 of the Business Department of the L. C. Y. L.

And since now the Class is to help in the bringing about of many important things in the future, perhaps you would like to know something of the Class.

First, it might be asked, who are we, and from whence come we? We come from different quarters of the globe; some from the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky, some from the "Old Volunteer State," some from the Republic of Mexico, and still others from the prairies of the "Lone Star State."

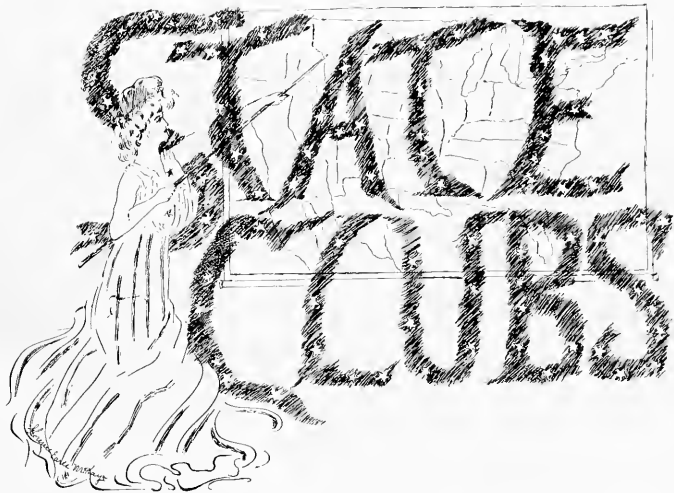
But the future—methinks I am taking a trip, and as I pass through Kentucky I am delayed in Slaughterville, now a city. While there I have occasion to stop at one of the largest establishments and meet my former classmate, Emma Sherrill. Emma has become the popular typewriter of the firm. Next to Hanson I go, and there meet Hattie Ashby. Hattie has been a popular stenographer, but has given up the work and now is ruling as queen in a nice little home. In my mystic rounds I stop at Lebanon, Tennessee. One of the few familiar faces that I see is that of Clarcie Cloyd. She has become an expert bookkeeper. In Shelbyville I hear my former classmate, Edna Hix, has succeeded in her calling as a stenographer and is devoted to the work. Troy, Tennessee, being on my trip, I find in one of the many schools there Lizzie Cloar. She has become a popular and efficient teacher in the business department of one of the schools. Long is the next ride, which is to El Paso, Texas. I am to remain there only a short time, but while waiting I see a familiar face, 'tis Lucelle Reyes. She has been in El Paso for some time at work, but is returning home on a visit. What is in store for the other member of the Class we will have to wait and see.





PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.





Erre: 4/10/71

## The Southern Club



### Yell

**Flower**—Cotton Blossom.

**Colors**—Pink and White.

Rackety, cax, quax, quax,  
Rackety, cax, quax, quax,  
That's the kind, that's the kind,  
Southerners, Southerners,  
Every time !

### Motto

" Make Hay while the Sun Shines."



### Officers

EPPIE HAYES, President.

NAOMIE FONTAINE, Treasurer.

ROBBIE GRIFFIS, Vice-President.

MATTIE GLEN DALTON, Secretary.



### Roll

Willie Drawhorn . . . . . Alabama.  
Annie Russell . . . . . Alabama.  
Cornelia Powell . . . . . Alabama.  
Caroleen Burke . . . . . Alabama.  
Robbie Griffis . . . . . Alabama.  
Beth Tomson . . . . . Alabama.  
Floyd Strong . . . . . Alabama.  
Eppie Hayes . . . . . Alabama.

Mary Walker . . . . . Alabama.  
Naomie Fontaine . . . . . Arkansas.  
Gladys LaGrone . . . . . Arkansas.  
Ruth Goodlett . . . . . Arkansas.  
Miss Roberts . . . . . Texas.  
Mattie Young . . . . . Texas.  
Mattie Glen Dalton . . . . . Mississippi.  
Mr. Keeton . . . . . Mississippi.



SOUTHERN CLUB.

# MIDDLE TENN.

*Colors*—Green and Gold.

*Flower*—Golden Rod.



*Yarn: Shown in 1910.*

*Motto*—"Do Others or They'll Do You."



## Officers

LILLIE SHELTON, President.

MAMIE JENNINGS, Vice-President.

PEARL PURNELL, Secretary.



## Yell

Billa, biloo, billa, bille,  
Zig-a-marag, zig-a-maree,  
Who are you, who are we?  
We're the girls from  
Middle Tennessee.

## A Toast to Middle Tennessee

By

The Middle Tennessee Club of the L. C. Y. L.

1903

✻



HERE'S to Middle Tennessee. Long may she reign supreme as the center of learning of the grand "Old Volunteer State." May she always be blessed with many barefooted "diamonds in the rough," who may tumble down her hills into her lovely streams. May her streets ever be haunted by the two-wheeled cart and the "hardtail," making fast strides toward prosperity. May her limestone bluffs ever be the source from which many fences are whitewashed and many millionaires' stone houses are put together. May her men ever be brave and true, her women cultured and kind, and her many church spires cast their shadows over thousands of empty cemeteries for many years to come, is the wish of the Club of 1903 at the L. C. Y. L.





### The L. C. Y. L. Editors

LILLIE SHELTON . . . . .	Editor in Chief . . . . .	VIRGINIA PURNELL
ELLA DOHONEY . . . . .	Exchange . . . . .	MAY BELLE WOODY
ANNIE MCCLANAHAN . . . . .		Boarding Girls
JOSIE PENDLETON . . . . .		Local
MISS ANDREA MARTIN . . . . .		Alumnae
MATTIE MAI ALEXANDER . . . . .	Assistant Business Manager	
H. H. WEIR . . . . .	Business Manager	



KENTUCKY CLUB.



# Kentucky Club



**Colors**— Blue and White.



**Flower**— Hemp Blossom.

**Motto** —“Get up and hustle.”

**Yell**

Who are we, who are we,  
To ho, ho, ho, te he, he, he,  
Daniel Boone, Daniel Boone,  
K-A-I-N T-U-C-K-E E.



## Officers and Members



MATTIE MAI ALEXANDER, President.

ELLA DOHONEY, Vice-President.

NELL SLATON, Secretary and Treasurer.

Ruby Williams . . . . .	Madisonville.	Vallonia Sandidge . . . . .	Bliss.
M. M. Alexander . . . . .	Madisonville.	Levie Sandidge . . . . .	Bliss.
Mildred Bone . . . . .	Madisonville.	Ella Dohoney . . . . .	Columbia.
Mr. John Bone . . . . .	Madisonville.	Irene Dohoney . . . . .	Columbia.
Nell Slaton . . . . .	Hanson.	Clara Wilmore . . . . .	Gradyville.
Hattie Ashby . . . . .	Hanson.	Ora Watson . . . . .	Dixon.
Pearl Baker . . . . .	Providence.	Lillie Watson . . . . .	Dixon.
Miss McKay . . . . .	Bardstown.	Mrs. Powell . . . . .	Bliss.
Miss Haydon . . . . .	Bardstown.	Lena Grissom . . . . .	Bliss.
Emma Andrews . . . . .	Wingo.	Laura Johnson . . . . .	Columbia.
Mary Grissom . . . . .	Bliss.		



WEST TENNESSEE CLUB.

## West Tennessee Club



### Officers and Members

ANNIE McCLANAHAN, President.

ELEANOR McADAMS, Vice-President.

BLANCHE DAVIDSON, Secretary.

Lillian Davidson.

Flora Hamm.

Lizzie Cloar.

Ava Wilson.

Nola Cloar.

Marie Tally.

Fairra Whitworth.

May Belle Woody.



### *Yell*

Geminy, golly, crick, crack, cromaka,  
We're from the land of wheat, corn and tobacco;  
Geminy, golly, crick, crack, cree,  
We're the girls from West Tennessee.

*Colors*—Green and white.

*Flower*—Tuberose.

*Motto*—"Be sure you are right, then  
go ahead."



Come let us drink a toast from the majestic waters of the Mississippi as she sweeps by our West Tennessee home. For where can be found, in all our great United States, a grander State than our own Tennessee; and where can be found in all our grand and glorious State a better portion than dear "Old West Tennessee?" 'Tis there the corn grows in abundance; wheat is the best that can be found; cotton, tobacco, oats and barley bring the broad smile to the farmer's face. There is the home of these eleven little maidens. Dear old Western Tennessee, we are proud to own you, the

"Garden spot of our State,  
As our own beloved home."



#### Roll and Officers

ROBERTA EICHELBERGER, President.

Eva HARRELL, Vice-President.

MADGE WEBBER, Secretary and Treasurer.

EDNA JONES, Poet.

"That's all."

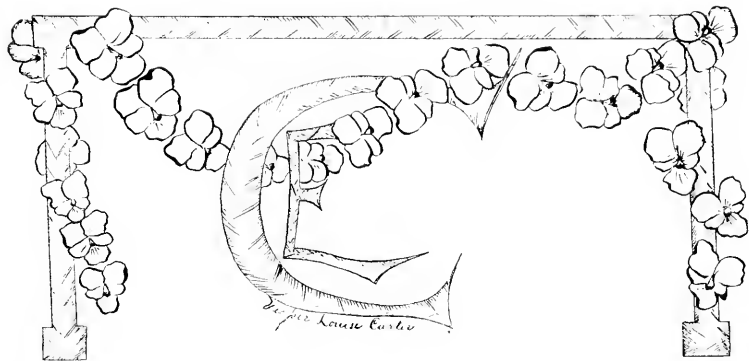
#### *Yell*

Whaleo, winco, whaleo, wois,  
We're the girls from Illinois,  
Whaleo, winco, whaleo, wee,  
We're the Illinois girls of 1903.



#### *Poem*

"Tis true we are few in number,  
But just think from where we came—  
From the Grand Old State of Illinois;  
Three cheers for her great name !



## Christian Endeavor



LEBANON College for Young Ladies is not concerned alone with the mental development, but also the moral education of its young women. The Christian Endeavor Society was re-organized in September, 1902, the beginning of the Fall term, and has been growing slowly but surely since. It is needless to say that we were benefited, when at the hush of the Sabbath eventide, we assembled in the college chapel to worship the Father of us all. Each girl went to her room bearing a peaceful calm in her soul and a brighter smile on her face. Through the combined efforts of this Society and the Rev. Dr. Pope, most of our girls professed faith in Jesus Christ, for which we raised a grateful "Te Deum laudamus."

The Society sent a representative to the Lebanon Presbytery; although it is not auxiliary to the Board of Missions, we hope to make it so next year.

Through the assistance of the workers of the Christian Endeavor Lebanon College for Young Ladies raised \$150 for the support of the College Missionary Movement. This is more than was given by any of the Young Ladies' Colleges that were canvassed for this fund by College Secretary A. M. Williams. There were several schools that were larger than the L. C. Y. L. but none of them came up to the mark that was set for them by the girls of the L. C. Y. L.

The influences of the Christian Endeavor Society in the L. C. Y. L. have not been spent and will not be until they break on the shores of the great beyond at the feet of him who "loved us and gave himself for us,"



## The Alpha Beta Literary Society



HIS Society was organized in 1886. How many girls have gone out much strengthened for life's duties for its influences. Yes, and may those who go out this year and the succeeding years look back with pride at her glory.

The Officers for the year were: Mary Grissom, President; Edith Jones, Vice-President; Edna Jones, Secretary and Treasurer; and Miss Amanda Anderson, Critic.

We hold our meetings bi-monthly and under the criticism of our beloved teacher "Miss Amanda" we have profited as we could not have done otherwise. We chose early in the year to study our own American writers and it is hoped that all of our members have been brought into closer contact with our own Authors through this study. At the middle of the term the bi-monthly Recitals and the Society were united, making the Society much more profitable and enjoyable. Perhaps we felt some unpleasantness in reciting selection or write a criticism, but every effort was honest and strengthened us for the life before us. May those who succeed us strive to make the Alpha Beta better each year.









TENNESSEE BASEBALL TEAM



KENTUCKY BASEBALL CLUB



## Important Events

87

1902

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|--|--|
| <p>Sept. 9. Fair daughters arrive on every train.</p> <p>Sept. 10. Enter the tunnel of knowledge.</p> <p>Sept. 13. The "Ginger-cake" woman makes her appearance.</p> <p>Sept. 14. Sunday. Initiation into the "rubber circle."</p> <p>Sept. 21. "That poor measley chicken."</p> <p>Oct. 1. First raid on McDonald's lces.</p> <p>Oct. 10. Girls bedeck themselves in Maroon and attend the Mooney-Cumberland game.</p> <p>Oct. 11. The baseball season opens with the great Kentucky-Tennessee game.</p> <p>Oct. 15. "Music hath charms to soothe a savage, rend a rock and bust a cabbage."</p> <p>Oct. 17. Hurrah for C. H. football team.</p> <p>Oct. 18. "Dick" came to see us.</p> <p>Oct. 24. Judge Green makes happy the girls with big red apples.</p> <p>Oct. 25. Hurrah for Manager Simms! Didn't we see the Bethel game?</p> <p>Nov. 1. The Kentucky boys (cousins and friends) came, but did we see them?</p> <p>Nov. 10. C. H. boys find it pleasant to stroll past the College.</p> | <p>Nov. 14. Kentucky and Tennessee teams "cross bats," with victory for Tennessee.</p> <p>Nov. 20. Professor Keeton: "In examining the <i>Sericocarpus Solidagineus</i> it is interesting to note the compact inflorescence, together with the fact that the flowers are cyclic, epigynous, syncarpous, sympetalous and zygomorphic, and is at the same time distinctly proterandrous."</p> <p>Nov. 27. Girls attend sunrise service at C. P. Church. D-I-N-N-E-R. Thanksgiving party.</p> <p>Nov. 29. Event of the season—"Grand Ball." Young Profs. can't appear at breakfast.</p> <p>Dec. 5. Christmas goods make glad the hearts.</p> <p>Dec. 6. Midnight feast interrupted by a gentle knock only five demerits.</p> <p>Dec. 12. Parlor and library changed to a modern Sistine Chapel. Art reception.</p> <p>Dec. 18. "The Spirit of '02" at Caruthers Hall—great hit for the Oratory Class.</p> <p>Dec. 19. Pack our hand-satchels and go home to mamma and papa, to await the coming of Santa Claus.</p> |
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## Important Events

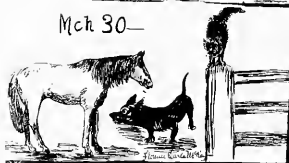
### Continued

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|----------|---|-----------|--|
| Dec. 25. | Kind Santa Claus did not forget those who spent the holidays at the College.                              | Feb. 14.  | Valentine party. "Would God the gift to gee, to see ourselves as eithers see."                                     |
| Dec. 31. | Girls return with a trunk full of left-over Christmas dinner.   | Feb. 16.  | S-N-O-W.   |
| 1903     |   | Feb. 17.  | Young ladies enjoy sleighing under the chaperonage of our gallant Profs.   |
| Jan. 1.  | Resolved to be a good little girl and study hard.   | Feb. 18.  | Anderson has rush calls for chloroform liniment, due mainly to the slick front walk.                               |
| Jan. 4.  | Epidemic of homesickness.   | Feb. 22.  | Vesper services at the C. P. Church.   |
| Jan. 9.  | Laid seige to a fat Northern turkey.  | Feb. 27.  | Girls go to Nashville to see Eleanor Robson in "Audrey."   |
| Jan. 17. | Converted a class-room into a feast-room.   | March 1.  | Athletics are thought of.  |
| Jan. 19. | The Faculty, in all its graciousness, gave us a half holiday to hear Byron W. King on Shakespeare.        | March 6.  | Grand Operetta, Tyrolean Queen, presented by the Music Department at Caruther's Hall. Profs. and Theologues dance. |
| Jan. 20. | Quite "Society" two nights at the hall in one week.   | March 15. | A successful "midnight" feast.   |
| Jan. 26. | Attending musical dramas is like buying a Sunday edition of a popular paper—get more than you can digest. | March 27. | Sophomores instruct the Freshmen in the mysteries of polite "society."   |
| Jan. 31. | Going to school on Saturday to make up a lost Monday is not the nicest thing we know of.                  | March 30. | "George," "Pick" and "Cute-Sweete," a part of the College menagerie, pose for their picture.                       |
| Feb. 6.  | C. U. vs. C. H. basket-ball game; excitement runs high.   |           |  |
| Feb. 13. | More than usual interest in the mail—wonder why?  |           |  |



Mch 30-



March 27-



Mch 6.





## PUZZLE



To what department does this belong?

How many copies have been made?

Can a person be an "Art Pupil" without taking this piece?

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Send all answers to "The Cedars" Board accompanied by One Dollar in silver, paper, or stamps, and receive a copy of "The Cedars," postpaid.

## Alumnae Association



RECOGNIZING the value of the organized Alumnae Association to schools throughout our country, the question presented itself to the minds of some of the Alumnae of our own college; why should not the L. C. Y. L. have an Alumnae Association? No sooner was the thought suggested than articles began to appear in the college paper which stirred the heart of every loyal graduate of this honored institution. The outcome of all this was, that just a year ago a number of the local Alumnae met and organized what is now known as the Alumnae Association of L. C. Y. L. Officers were elected and a constitution and by-laws framed.

The object of this organization is three-fold; first, to keep a roll, and so far as possible, a history of the lives of the Alumnae; second, to bind closer the hearts of the graduates of the school; and last, but by no means least, to be of benefit to our beloved Alma Mater.

In the first of these objects, through the untiring efforts of our corresponding secretary and her co-workers, we have been remarkably successful. To give here a history of the life of each one of the two hundred and fifty young ladies who have gone out from the school would be impossible. They can be found in sixteen different states, and are honoring their Alma Mater in various ways. Some are building "temples of knowledge and palaces of thought" in the hearts and minds of the boys and girls of the present day. The heart of every ambitious school boy has burned within him at the startling announcement that some day he may be president, but the school girl has an ambition more lofty than this, which is that she may reign supreme in a sphere not so vast as our great country, but in one heart and life, in a domain all her own. Many of the Alumnae have already achieved this high aim, and still others are scattering sunshine about them while they wait for their Romeo to appear. We pause just here, a feeling of sadness comes over us, for the names of some come to

our minds who have already graduated from the school of earth, and have heard a voice say: "It is enough, come up higher." While we mourn their loss, let us cherish their memory and profit by their hallowed influence.

Since the organization of the Alumnae Association, the members have spent many pleasant hours together within the dear old college walls. No place seems so appropriate for the meetings as this, in which the present hours are gilded by happy memories of the past. Happenings of by-gone days are recalled and we go away with a deeper love in our hearts for each other and for L. C. Y. L.

You ask of what benefit such an organization will be to the school? Listen, and we will tell you. Besides honoring their Alma Mater by their lives and using their influence for her advancement, the members of the Alumnae Association have planned to show their esteem for their Alma Mater in a more material way. Two hundred dollars has already been contributed towards a telescope for L. C. Y. L., and the Alumnae have agreed to raise three hundred dollars more and thus give their mother college a substantial token of the love for her that still lives in the hearts of her daughters. We will allow no thought of failure to find lodgement in our minds and feel certain that within the next few months L. C. Y. L. will be the proud possessor of the finest telescope of any woman's college in the South.

We, as Alumnae, are proud of what L. C. Y. L. has achieved in the past, proud of what she will achieve in the future. Let us give her our hearty support in every forward movement.





LOCAL ALUMNAE



# LITERARY



## Lebanon



EBANON is a beautiful town surrounded on all sides by hills that lift there peaks into the warm air, which is usually to be had. (Sometimes during a coal famine it is a bit scarce.) Nothing ever happens to break the quiet flow of things unless it be an occasional Basket Ball game by the young ladies of the town; on such occasions "Time" usually turns back a few paces to view the scene, but otherwise all is well.

Lebanon is the home of many famous people. From great Actors to Supreme Judges; the Stars of all callings have either lived here or have passed through on their way to Nashville (Lebanon is on the "big road.")

The town can boast of all kinds and specimens of men. From the C. H. B. kind that roams the streets aimlessly (usually going over and over the same ground) to grave Seniors and Theologs. It is said that the Seniors are the most highly developed of all these (we are in doubt on this point however.)

A great number of changes are being constantly made in our town, you would never recognize some of the boys and girls that come here to school after a few weeks of acclimation. It is wonderful, in fact the whole town is wonderful, if you don't believe come and see us.

## A School Girl's Fate



Listen good people and you shall soon know,  
Of a midnight feast we had long ago,  
At the Ladies College of great renown,  
In the old and classic Lebanon town.

A dozen ladies, perhaps less or more,  
Had made a visit to a nearby store,  
And with a collection of dimes and nickels,  
Purchased cheese, crackers, onions and pickles.

A great deal more I cannot recall,  
But among other things was alcohol.  
Time went on crutches till the clock struck one —  
That was the time we would have our fun.

The time came at last and all over the house  
Girls came creeping, and still as a mouse;  
Each came with a chafing dish, platter or spoon  
And all assembled in the appointed room.

The feast was begun and what a treat,  
We all declared it could not be beat.  
Oh, we were thinking, "We've done things slick,  
What teacher would ever dream of our trick?"

Hark ! footsteps approaching, what could it mea  
Was it possible that we had been seen ?  
Under beds we scrambled, but ah, too late !  
The teacher had caught us—a school girl's fate.

## Courage



It has been said "school days are the happiest days of our lives." Yet we can't think so at all times, while we have many, many pleasures, we also have many difficulties to overcome.

We can see barriers that rise like mountains whose bleak, icy peaks uplift to chill and destroy. And it is best for us. Let Alps arise far out above the eagle's home, we will climb their rugged steepes by day and night till we shall stand amid their everlasting snows victorious. We must have the moral courage to say, *I can—I will.*

## A Yearly Occurrence



Ow! comes the scream from a dozen voices, and girls pour out of their rooms (any one could tell by their appearance what time of the day it was) and rush wildly down the hall. "He's on the roof! He's on the roof!" they cry and madly run into each other until the hall becomes one solid mass of flying hair and gesticulating hands. "I hear him at my window! Where is Professor Weir? Mrs. Powell! Oh Mamma!" all rent the air in rapid succession.

"What's the matter? What's the matter!" frantically calls the matron. "He's on the roof! He's on the roof!" they all respond.

"Yes, he's on the roof" remarked the brave matron as she peers cautiously out the window. "Scat Tom" and all is quiet.

## Home Again



Yes, we will soon be with our kindred, fill again the vacant chair,  
'Twill rejoice our anxious parents when they see us seated there;  
But with all this promised pleasure shades of sadness hover o'er—  
We are leaving many loved ones we may meet on earth no more;  
Yet the impress of their virtues on our hearts shall long remain  
Fresh and fragrant as the flowers after summer's gentle rain.

## The Great Ball Game.



HE first match game of the season between the Tennessee and Kentucky Clubs had been the talk of the girls since the dawn of spring. On the appointed Saturday the admirers of the teams gathered on the field to witness the affray. Excitement ran high and bets ranging from hair pins to chewing gum were placed on the favorites. At last the ball was put in play by a hearty "play ball" from Miss Umpire and the playing began fast and furious. The excitement climbed higher with every "swat" of the ball and "switch" of the scorer's pencil. It was plain to all that it was a fight to a finish. Each inch was hotly contested, while the excitement was intense. Hands were gesticulating and hair flying. At the last of the ninth inning the score had reached the modest point of forty to forty, while the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Tennessee was at the bat with two out, by superior batting and hard coaching from the side lines the runner had placed her No. ZX-YQ (French No.) on third. Not contented with this she made a break for home. With the speed of a bullet the ball was sent towards the home plate, while cries of "slide! slide!" were to be heard from all sides. About ten yards of calico made a dive for the coveted plate, but the ball was quicker and the catcher drove the ball through the pompadour of the flying runner. "Out," cried the Umpire. "She did not touch me! she only hit my pompadour!" cried the bit of dirt and calico snugly swinging to home plate, while the Tennessee side took up the cry and surged upon the field. The little Umpire dodged behind the "Tennessee Giant" and made for her room, and Tennessee and Kentucky mingled for true. "She's out! she's out!" they cried, while "She's not out! she's not out" was equally as strong. The chapel bell called all to work and to this day the question raised has not been settled. Shall the Umpire be upheld, or shall she be said to be in error?

It is but fair to admit that the catcher might easily put the ball through the pompadour of any of the average school girl's head and not touch the "person" of the owner. But what about the Umpire? We solicit correspondence on this point.



## To the Illinois Club



Our home is in the State where corn and wheat grows,  
And we're glad we came from there as I guess everyone knows.  
It is true that our Club is "little but loud,"  
But it's not our fault that we hav'nt a crowd.

Roberta's home is where they have big feet,  
And to tease her about it we think a great treat;  
But that place we think is the head of all joys,  
For its the leading city of Illinois.

Madge's, Eva's, and Edna's homes tho' small by fate,  
Are beautiful little cities in the southern part of the State.  
Hurrah for our Club! We think it is swell,  
If it is the *little* club of the L. C. Y. L.



## Reflections



How many of us I wonder—  
When the day has gone to rest,  
Pause for a moment to ponder  
And weep a tear for the distressed.  
How prone are we to consider  
The ever present question of self,  
And blindly envy the tyrannical power  
of wealth.

How many of us I wonder—  
In the gathering light of morn,  
Seek our Father's guidance ever  
Till another night gives way to dawn.  
How little we seem to remember  
If the sun does for us shine,  
Soon it might vanish, leaving darkness  
behind.

How many of us I wonder—  
In the light of the noonday sun,  
Think of the moments we squander,  
When there is so much to be done.  
Instead we ever gaze lovingly yonder  
For things the future has in store,  
Losing the present opportunity that  
comes to us no more.

## Why I Came Back to the L. C. Y. L.



Y relief when vacation was ended was only equalled by my dislike for house cleaning. My folks considerably put off this spring recreation until I would be at liberty to enjoy it with them. Early Monday morning the step-ladder was brought in and I was ordered to mount. I took down a dozen pairs of lace curtains. As I was the youngest assistant the folks thought that my bones would knit more readily than anybody else's in case of a fall. The dust off those curtains fell in appalling quantities, and my complexion, never of the whitest, soon assumed a deeper shade of brown. The rugs were taken out to the line for my brothers to beat them, but between blows they would engage in a game of tag. Soon the fun started in earnest. The scrubbing brush, pail of water, bar of Fels Naphtha Soap (this I could recommend very highly) and several old mop cloths were brought onto the scene of action. Then it was scrub floors, clean windows, wash woodwork, until my face was hot, my hands blistered, my feet tired. After lunch mamma took my place on the ladder. While she was upon the top step I thought it would be a good plan to set my pail of water on one of the lower steps. It was nice clean water too. While my back was turned mamma became possessed with a desire to stand on terra firma again, instead she planted one foot in my pail. I was sure she was not dead after the first shriek she gave, such a crash of pail and ladder. When I recovered from my shock sufficiently to look at her she was just getting over her astonishment. Her wrapper was slightly draggled from hem to knee, and she was feebly endeavoring to scrape my soap off the bottom of her shoe. We used all our spare strength in laughing at the brilliant action. My mother has a mania for getting her foot in it, she upset one other pail of water and stepped in

our dog's drinking bowl. No wonder house cleaning is enough to drive one to distraction. By night my blistered hands were calloused, my feet were'nt tired—they were paralyzed; and I dragged myself off upstairs to bed, thanking Heaven for the blessing of sleep.

The succeeding days were but repetitions of the first one. Our house is now clean from the basement up, but oh! I'm glad to go back to the L. C. Y. L. M. I. W.



## A Modern Parable



Behold it snowed. And there went out thoughtlessly a young professor, to see his girl, but as he went there fell upon him many school girls and smote him hard with snow balls, so hard in fact that he ran.

Now this young man was determined to avenge himself, so he saith to his room mate, "let us go out and put them to flight." "Agreed," quoth he, and they went out to do battle. Now the battle waxed warm and this young man began to be sore afraid, and behold, again he ran. Not so with his room mate, who being brave at heart rushed into the fray and soon was covered with snow, yea from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and these school girls seeing his companion had fled did fill his hat with snow and placed it upon his head and he was glad to escape with his life.

MORAL—*Avenge not yourselves, vengeance is mine, etc., saith the good book.*

## Senior Trials



Every morning at eight o'clock  
To the study of Fine Arts we flock,  
    Off our tongues big words do roll,  
    In our "note books" it is told  
About "Renaissance, High and Low,"  
Perspective and Chiaroscuro.

In Literature our troubles are,  
Our teachers so particular  
    About our reading and defining,  
    Comprehending and divining;  
Our minds must ever grasp and reach  
For lessons fine the Authors teach.

Our Lexicons are few and far between,  
Around each, every evening may be seen  
    Great groups of Latin scholars trying hard  
    To learn, tho' gossip often will retard  
Our progress toward the noble end in view;  
That is — Horace to read — and Livy, too.

The members of our Greek class number two,  
For Greek is such a great big boo-ger-boo  
    Can't many of us, tho' brave we be,  
    Such very vexing things attempt, you see.  
The *noble* two I'd have you all to know  
Are able well to conjugate *φιλῶ*

O, History of Philosophy, thou art  
A dread and terror to every Senior heart!  
    Can we *forget* that "full and complete Outline"  
    On which we wrote and wrote, line after line;  
Can we *remember* — can our minds retain  
The things that book did teach, or Mr. Wear explain.

Our Logic is a little book, indeed,  
By no means simple, tho', you will concede.  
    Examination day with its demands  
    Found us with quaking hearts and trembling hands;  
And weren't we glad, tho' much surprised, at last  
To hear the very pleasing words: "You passed!"

Yet, after all our trials, woes, and pains  
To every Senior this good hope remains,  
    The happy May will bring Commencement Day,  
    And after that no one will say us "nay,"  
When we get "loud" no one will call us down;  
We'll give the boys a smile, no one will frown.

## My Dear Girls



I live in Lebanon at the L. C. Y. L.,  
And strange the things that I could tell,  
For many years I've held my place,  
And yet I dare say you haven't seen my face,  
You've heard me often, you know my voice,  
You've even obeyed me, often from choice.  
But sad to say, though very true,  
You have obeyed more often because you had to.  
In the morning when you wished to play,  
You heard me call and you came away.  
When one o'clock came you loved me best,  
For t'was then I let you have a moment's rest.  
But duty again at two made me say :  
"Go walking dear girls it'll make you feel gay."  
And if on the street you speak to a boy  
My next loud call will bring you no joy.  
It'll bring down instead your teachers so true  
That will feel it a duty to speak to you too.

They'll tell you its wrong and make you all say  
You'll do it no more and send you away.  
On a cold winter day a cold I may get,  
But you can't escape me for quite a while yet.  
For a little warm grease will ease my pain,  
And loudly I will speak to you all again.  
All day long my duty does last,  
Though I am often slow and sometimes fast.  
I never forget at some time or other,  
To call out loudly much to your bother.  
When nine-twenty comes my last tired word is said,  
As you turn out your lights and tumble into bed.  
For years I've stood and for many more,  
I hope to speak as I did of yore.  
And truth to tell I'm often sad,  
For the girls don't love me, they call me bad.  
But years from now I hope you'll say,  
" 'Twas a good Old Chapel Bell when it rang in May."

## Editorial



IN this book we have endeavored to give to those who may chance to scan its pages some little knowledge of the workings of our school, and of the joys and sorrows which have come to us one and all. Some of the best talent which could be found in our number, have faithfully put forth every effort to do the work assigned them, and we feel very grateful to them for their willingness and assiduity. Many have been the times when we have had plans of great importance to *perfect* and *perform* on some particular afternoon, when—hark! the chapel bell chimed three o'clock. "That hateful bell," we all exclaim, "now I must go to that 'Board Meeting,'" and immediately we go with long faces to our official chairs in the office, and spend the afternoon in working, planning and worrying over the pages of "The Cedars." Dear old book, shall we ever forget you? No, a thousand times no. We have, each one and all, labored long and faithfully, and though sometimes burdens seemed greater than we could carry, the love we bore for our dear Alma Mater was so infused into our hearts and minds that we strove all the harder to gain the topmost round of the ladder of success. To the members of the board let me say these parting words: "May your lives be spent in achieving success, may all happiness be yours, and may you always in after years remember your college home, your dear old Alma Mater, with hearts filled with love and gratitude, and to those who may read these pages, may prosperity and happiness be yours.





# The Lebanon College for Young Ladies, LEBANON, TENNESSEE

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This school has been established since 1886 and has been in continuous sessions since. It has been the aim of the management from the very start to make it

## A Home School for Girls

The desire to build **Character** is the first outlook, after that the wish is to develop the mind apace.

## The Faculty

Are all Christian Teachers and are examples as well as Preceptors.

## The Home Department

Of the school has been the most profitable to the students, and this is what marks it as superior to other schools who do not care for the girl as she would be cared for at home.

## The Health

Of the school is attested by the fact that there has never been but one death among the boarding pupils.



# What We Teach

The Lebanon College for Young Ladies is composed of the following departments :

## MUSIC, ART, ELOCUTION

## BUSINESS, LITERARY AND PRIMARY

In each of the departments we employ none but ***The Best Prepared Teachers.*** The courses that are offered are ***Equal to Any in the South,*** and are ***thorough*** in every particular. The buildings will be made equal to any in the country by the time the next term opens. If you are looking for a

## HOME SCHOOL

Write for our catalogue, it will tell you all about the place, and we can assure you that it will show you that it is ***Second to None.***



**E. E. WEIR, Ph. D.**  
Manager

**H. H. WEIR, LL. B.**  
Registrar

# Southworth, Photographer

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IN this space that Mr. Southworth has so kindly bought from "The Cedars'" Board, it is the desire of the Business Manager and of the Board to make mention of the beautiful work of Mr. Southworth as shown in the halftones in this book. Mr. Southworth has ever shown himself a friend to the L. C. Y. L. girls, and the work he has put out will not have to be advertised to bring him trade. We can say that he has been in every way accommodating and obliging and we wish to recommend him to the incoming student body as reliable, artistic, obliging, and conscientious. It is with great pleasure that we give him this notice and state that we can conscientiously commend him to all for his superior class of work.



*Printers and Engravers  
Publishers of College  
and Society Literature  
Stationers and Direct  
Dealers with Individ-  
uals, Societies and Clubs*

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# Brandon Printing Company

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the Most Ordinary to the  
Very Intricate, are Unsur-  
passed by Any House in the  
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